

ON THE
Honourable Board SND. m.
O F
COMMISSIONERS
O F
Her Majesty's Custom-House,
L O N D O N;

In the YEAR of PEACE, 1713.

— — — — — *Beatam*
Confluet ad Thamisis Ripam, & ditabit Arenas,
Quicquid Terra boni quævis alit; Hæc dabit Aurum,
Hæc pictas Vestes, Hæc Bacchi Munera, quicquid
Aut profert Tellus, aut inter Viscera condit.

Gratulat. Academ. Cantab. de Pace.

By Mr. H. CRISPE of the Custom-House, *London.* K.

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ON THE
Honourable Board of Commissioners of
Her Majesty's Custom-House, *London.*

In the YEAR of PEACE, 1713.

CAN there within *these* Walls pretend to dwell
A MUSE, and not her PATRON's Praises tell ?
Do They want Merit ? or is *she* unfit
To sing it, *artless*, and *void* of Wit ?
Oh, Theirs is *sacred* ev'ry Honour'd Name,
Hers only is the *Weakness*, *hers* the *Shame*,
She takes it to *herself*, and does confess
Her *highest* Praises than their Merits *less* ;
She *dreads* th' Attempt, and *sinks* beneath the Weight,
Her *Strength* so slender, and their *Worth* so great :
Yet *Duty* prompts how' er *unequal* Thoughts,
And *Candor* will o'erlook *respectful* Faults ;
Hence *Courage* *she*, and *modest* *Hope* conceives ;
Phœbus his Aid, and *some* Assurance gives.

THE Gods (as Bards of *ancient* Fame recite)
Did in *unequal* Numbers most delight ;
The GRACES *Three* ; they with *Five* Girdles bound
The Skies : *Sev'n STARS* the *Northern* Pole surround ;
And that their Praise in *lasting* Verse might shine,
They made the MUSES *tuneful* Number *Nine*.
No *Wonder* ANNE (to whom *she* is alli'd)
With Numbers that best pleas'd the Gods compli'd,
And drew her *Scheme*, as her *Descent*, from *Heav'n*,
Appointing *here* the *mystick* Number *Sev'n*.

But whate'er *Motive* to that Choice might be,
 Whether inspir'd by some *Divinity*
 A kindly Guide ; or the *Auspicious QUEEN*
Sagacious chose ; the great *Effects* are seen.
Sev'n Prelates sav'd the *Church* when *late* betray'd,
 And here *Sev'n* Guardians now support our *Trade*.
 JOHN the *Divine* in *Revelation* clear
 Beheld *sev'n Stars* ; those *Stars* *sev'n Angels* were ;
Angels transact like *Men* in *Outward Shew*,
 We only know them by the *Good* they do ;
 'Tis thus *true* Miracles are understood
 From *false* ; the Ends *These* serve are only *Good* :
 If We may argue from the *Good* We see,
 In *Human Shape* *Sev'n Angels* here may be.

Of these GODOLPHIN *first* in Order stands ;
joynt are their Pow'rs, and *equal* their Commands,
 The Regimen admits *alternate* Sway,
 By Turns they all *prefide*, by Turns *obey* ;
 No *private Views*, or *Int'rests* here prevail,
 Not *Justice* self is more *impartial*.
Him from his Principles no *Arts* cou'd move,
 His *Faith* unshook by his *Fraternal Love*.

GREAT Years in *venerable* WERDEN shew
 A *hoary Vigour*, and a *Warmth* in *Snow* ;
 His *sprightly Blood* feels no *benumbing Chill*,
 Quick is his *Sense*, and *masterly* his *Skill* ;
 Without old * *Æson*'s Fate *his* Youth renews ;
 Himself the *same*, the very *same* He views
 Twice Twenty Summers past beheld him, *bright*,
 And shining *still* with no *abated Light*.
 This is the Man whom *aged* Worth prefers,
 And ANNA stiles *peculiarly* HERS.

THOU

* Old *Æson* the Father of *Jason* was made Young by the Charms ; and Magick
 Arts of *Medea*. Ov. Lib. 7. Fab. 2.

THOU too to A N N A's *Smiles* hast *equal* Claim,
 O STANLEY, nor thy *Merit* less, nor *Fame*,
 Descended from an *ancient* Glorious Line,
 In Thee thy *great* Fore-Father's Vertues shine,
 As sure thy bright Descendents will from Thine,
 To all the *noblest* Graces near ally'd,
 Both by the *Father's*, and the *Mother's* side,
 Whether a STANLEY's *Likeness* they shall bear,
 Or more of GRANVILLE's *Wit*, and *Beauty* share.
 Mean while Thy *weighty* Counsels intermix,
 And in Debates the *grand* Decision fix.

NEXT PRIOR stands, the MUSE's *best lov'd* Son,
 PARNASSUS' *Joy*, and *Pride* of HELICON,
 Horatian Bard, who late in *deathless* Lays
 Sung his *Victorious* QUEEN's, and COUNTRY's Praise.
 Since ANNA's pleas'd her *conqu'ring* Sword to sheath,
 Shou'd now her PEACE t' *immortal* Fame bequeath,
 Her PEACE, the Theme of many a *charming* Tongue,
 And yet a Theme can ne'er be *justly* sung,
 'Till He his Harp from the *proud* Pillar take,
 And Sounds 'till *then* unheard *melodious* make.
 'Tis He, who late, to *distant* Shores convey'd,
 Advanc'd that PEACE, and now *promotes* our TRADE.
 'Tis He, who from his ALBION still disjoyn'd,
 And for Her sake in GALLIA's Courts confin'd,
 Has left his *better* Part, his *Soul*, behind ;
 And thô He bends beneath *no* Weight of Years,
 Yet stoops, yet *thoughtful* stoops, with *loyal* Cares:
 Blest, and opprest at once by *various* Fates,
 At once the *Muse's* Servant, and the *State's*.

AH, *cruel* Doom, thô *kind* Decree of Fate,
 That gave Two *precious* Lives an *equal* Date ;
 One *fatal* Week dissolv'd th'*united* Pair,
 The *kindest* Husband, and a Wife so *dear* ;
 They liv'd together so long *One*, they knew
 Not how in Death *itself* to be made *Two*.

Hence pious BRIDGE's Grief; in *Sable* seen,
 But still his *deepest* Mourning is *within*.
 Regard, Ye Pow'rs, such *Filial Piety*,
 And be your next a *Conjugal Decree*.
 To Bliss *consummate* be the Virgin led,
 And BRIDGES blest i'th' *Partner* of his Bed.
 Safe in *His* Care are Our Affairs, who bore
 Alone in *Law* their *weightiest* Cares before.

Of *different* Kind, but not *inferior* Worth,
 WILLIAMSON sends his *guardian* Genius forth,
 Inur'd to *Search*, and *nicest* *Scrutiny*,
 Can all the *various* Arts of *Fraud* descry,
 Sagacious Wight; nor quicker to detect,
 Than with *impartial* Justice to correct.
 Judgment in Him, and great *Experience* join'd,
 Enhanc'd the Value of an *Honest* Mind.
 In *former* Station *Faithful* found, and *Just*,
 Advanc'd by *Merit* to This *nobler* Trust;
 To This his *Merit* was his *only* Claim,
 Fame follow'd *Merit*, and Promotion *Fame*.

Who to *Himself* in Trade, and to his *Queen*,
 Long time an almost *equal* Friend had been,
 Sought not in all his Toils *Himself* alone,
 But wisht his *Country's* Profits with his *Own*;
 Th' *industrious* Man, in *Foreign* Commerce skill'd,
 Nor known in any *Honest* Arts to yield
 Of *British* Traffick; whom *fierce* Winds, and Seas
 Enrich, and who to ALBION conveys
 The *various* Products of *all* Nature's store,
 Wafting the *Indies* to the *British* Shore;
 Whom therefore fair AUGUSTA joys to see
 Advanc'd to this *high* Trust, and Dignity,
 She points her GIBBON out, and says, 'Tis *He*. }

THESE ANNA did, and *prudent* OXFORD chuse,
 And *Those* they did not, nor they cou'd refuse.
 Well guided needs must be the Great Machine,
 When Each *alone* a fit Director's seen.

HAIL, O *Auspicious* SEV'N! compleat our Joy,
 To see such Conduct in so high Employ.
 New Offices erect, *improve* our PEACE,
 To the World's *Envy*, and our Trade's *Increase*.
 An *equal* Skill to the *vast* Work apply;
Vast is the Work, *vast* your Ability.
 No *adverse* Pow'rs can now obstruct our Gain,
 While ANNE asserts the Empire of the Main.
 With *varying* Moons the Tides may ebb, and flow,
 Your *Thames*'s Wealth no *Wane*, or *Ebb* shall know.
 The Products of BRITANNIA's *fertile* Lands,
 The *useful* Labours of her *artful* Hands,
 The *Surplusage* of her *luxuriant* Soil,
 And *That* of her Mechanicks *curious* Toil,
 Redundant Wealth, a *vast* *superfluous* Share,
 And what ev'n *pamper'd* Luxury can spare,
 Exported hence with ev'ry *ebbing* Tide,
 Support of Foreign *Indigence*, or *Pride*:
 From all the *Quarters* of the World around,
 What e're of *Useful*, or that's *Rare* is found,
 Exotick Births; Whate're Our Earth, or Sky,
 (Howe're *indulgent* to our *Needs*) deny;
 What on their *Surface* those *rich* Soils provide,
 Or they within their *secret* *Bowels* hide,
 The *labour'd* Works of Nature, or of Art,
 Which *Gange*'s Streams to *Thames*'s Banks impart,
 With ev'ry *flowing* Tide *Imported*, all
 For your *great* Genius, and *best* Conduct call.
 These *fully* will employ your *painful* Hours,
 A Charge too great for *any* Hands, but *Yours*.
 To such a *Height* shall rise the *just* Account,
 Till Numbers *scarce* can reach the *vast* Amount.

These

These are the Fruits of *ANNA's* glorious *PEACE*,
 And of Your *OXFORD*'s *wisest* Counsels; these
 To *All*, but to *Yourselves*, give *Wealth*, and *Ease*.
 Be ever (as You are) *Sagacious*, *Just*,
Discharging your Great *QUEEN*'s, and *OXFORD*'s *Trust*,
 Long may *She* find the *Comforts* of *your Care*,
 And long may *You* Her *Royal Favours* share.
 Your *Own* with *nicest Judgment* (as You do)
 And with *impartial Justice* still bestow,
 On Men of *Parts*, of *Merit*, and of *Sense*;
 Though then *this* Bard can have but *small* *Pretence*,
 A *Pleasure* yet to each *ingenuous Mind*
 'Tis, in *best Posts* the *best Deserts* to find.
 This *Pleasure* fair *AUGUSTA*'s Sons receive,
 Both from the *Posts* *You hold*, and those *You give*.

NOR can the Muse without *ungen'rous Wrong*
 Conclude this (otherwise *ingrateful*) Song,
 'Till to her *SANSOM* in this *humble Lay*
 Her due Returns of *Gratitude* She pay;
 Of Favours *undeserv'd* record the Fame,
 And among *useful* Heroes fix his Name.
 Permit it, O ye Worthies, *here* to stand,
 Vouchsaft a Place in this *illustrious Band*.

F I N I S.

